of my fortunes, if they checke me here.

Iag. You are in the right:
Good night Leiutenant, I muſt to the watch.

Caſ. Good night honeſt *Iago*. *Exit.*

Iag. And what's he then, that ſayes I play the villaine,
When this aduice is free I giue, and honeſt,
Probaſt to thinking, and indeed the courſe,
To win the Moore agen? For tis moſt eaſie
The inclining *Deſdemona* to ſubdue,
In any honeſt ſuite ſhe's fram'd as fruitfull,
As the free Elements: and then for her
To win the Moore, were t to renounce his baptiſme,
All ſeales and ſymbols of redeemed ſin,
His ſoule is ſo infetter'd to her loue,
That ſhe may make, vnmake, doe what ſhe liſt,
Euen as her appetite ſhall play the god
With his weake function: how am I then a villaine,
To counſell *Caſsio* to this parrallell courſe,
Directly to his good? diuinity of hell,
When diuells will their blackeſt ſins put on,
They doe ſuggeſt at firſt with heauenly ſhewes,
As I doe now; for whilſt this honeſt foole
Plyes *Deſdemona* to repaire his fortunes,
And ſhe for him, pleades ſtrongly to the Moore;
Ile poure this peſtilence into his care,
That ſhe repeales him for her bodies luſt;
And by how much ſhe ſtriues to doe him good,
She ſhall vndoe her credit with the Moore;
So will I turne her vertue into pitch,
And out of her owne goodneſſe, make the net
That ſhall enmeſh them all: *Enter* Roderigo.
How now *Roderigo?*

Rod. I do follow here in the chaſe, not like a hound that hunts, but one that filles vp the cry: my money is almoſt ſpent, I ha bin to night exceedingly well cudgelld: I thinke the iſſue will be, I ſhall haue ſo much experience for my paines, and ſo no mony at all, and with a little more wit returne to *Venice*.

Iag. How poore are they, that haue not Patience?

What

What wound did euer heale, bu
Thou knoweſt we worke by wi
And wit depends on dilatory t
Dos't not goe well? *Caſsio* has
And thou, by that ſmall hurt, haſ
Tho other things grow faire ag
Yet fruites that bloſome firſt, w
Content thy ſelfe a while; by'th
Pleaſure, and action, make the h
Retire thee, goe where thou art
Away I ſay, thou ſhalt know m
Nay get thee gon: Some thing
My wife muſt moue for *Caſsio* t
Ile ſet her on.
My ſelfe a while, to draw the M
And bring him iumpe, when he
Soliciting his wife: I, that's th
Dull not deuiſe by coldneſſe an

Actus 3.

Enter Caſſio, wi

Caſ. MAſters, play here, I w
Something thats bri

They play, and

Clo. Why maſters, ha your
ſpeake i'th noſe thus?

Boy. How ſir, how?

Clo. Are theſe I pray, cald w

Boy. I marry are they ſir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tay

Boy. Whereby hangs a tayl

Clo. Marry ſir, by many a
maſters, heer's money for you
ſique, that hee deſires you for
with it.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.